THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDWARD DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1558.

Pictures of Life.

THE TEXAN HUNTRESS:
OR,
THE ENTHUSIAST'S DREAM.
(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY C. W. WEBBER, OF KENTUCKY, AUTHOR OF "OLD HICKS, THE GUIDE," "THE SHOT IN THE EYE," &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by C. W. Webber, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

"Do you see that small mott?" said she, pointing with her rifle to a clump of large live oaks upon a bit of rising ground, some half a mile ahead—and near to what, I now perceived, for the first time, to look like the heavy timbered bottom of a stream of some size.

"I see nothing but a mott!" said I, hopelessly. "Where is the house?" Her look brightened as she stopped on more briskly by the side of my horse, who seemed to have scented some familiar odor on the breeze, and, quickening his step, for his ear was now pricked forward, and his gait confident and elate.

"Yo ahull see!" and she smiled. We soon reached the mott, and passing beneath the long festoon drapery of moss that decorated the low, wide limbs of the live-oak, we were at once in the dim cool twilight, which would have lent sweetness that religious atmosphere in which the Dominical mass were performed. In the midst of this, and almost hidden by the gray fantastic drapery of the great tree above, I saw indistinctly the appearance of palisading, that seemed to be circular in form. Another moment she pushed aside the moss, and we were at the door. It was a round hut, the walls of which were composed of the small trunks of trees set perpendicularly in the ground—the interstices being filled with a sort of cement of moss and mud. The roof was thatched with bulrushes, and the door was a frame of hickory saplings stoutly interwoven. There was no sort of pretension about it, or in usual in the country, to the small as well as large reaches of it.

It seemed as if the shelter of the moss-draped oaks had been deemed sufficient—and so, indeed, it appeared to be, for its appearance of entire security, like some wild nest of lonely birds, was what first struck me as I saw it. The door was closed, and it looked about as much like a fort as any horse a turn around a limb of the sheltering oak, and hastened me toward the door. She called out in a low tone, "Wilson!"

I heard a soft, untimely trend respond to the call, and the door was opened by a man of rather large head, bright gray eyes, broad shoulders, and small legs, inside his appearance.

"What is the matter, Ellen?" said he, with such a quiet look as his eye fell upon me, that one would have supposed I was his wildest son.

"Is he your youth hint that he hears upon you so?"

"Yes."

"Then, bring him in, in God's name, and we will shelter him until his strength returns!" and she motioned me to the door; and I entered with the air of a stranger who has intruded upon the privacy of others, and go to work to save the world! These people are clearly in the right, I said to myself, and I am in the wrong, for no man dedicates themselves with such unselfishness to any cause but what they merely endure selfish returns from! I must get at the idea—and get at it I will! These persons are evidently of a class that I have no clear ideas of, or communicative as they have been to come! I have been accustomed to the overtures of this very survey of some small object before him, which I could not distinguish. He had asked me no explanation, did not seem to be at all disturbed by my sudden appearance, and had fallen back into what seemed a routine, just as if nothing had happened. This, though not very complimentary to my vanity, only served to rouse my curiosity, in spite of my sufferings.

"Molly will take care of you directly!" he said, looking up: "She has gone to stake out your horse!" and he went on with his work. I thought of magic, necromancers, astrologers, alchemists, &c., all in a breath, as I stared at the strange, calm man, with the light from one small window, or port-hole rather, falling upon his bald and his gray hairs!

The strange effect was not a little heightened by the surroundings of this person. I had now, in the unbroken silence, sufficient leisure to observe those appliances, which were entirely inexplicable to me at the time. First, I noticed a small rude bench in one corner, near to which were scattered about some small hammers, files, bangs and other tools used in working brass or steel; while near the desk were some ten or a dozen small models carved from wood with great neatness, and having somewhat the appearance, &c., of metal. Such a maze of wheels, cogs, cranks, bolts, &c., had I never seen, and of one thing there, that one could form no idea of their meaning, not even whether they all belonged to the same machine, or were the parts of one which, waiting to be put together!

On beds and pegs, in ceramics, and strewed in all sorts of confusion about the floor and on rude shelves, were every conceivable variety of parts that appeared to have been formed for completion of models or a model. These parts were principally of wood, as the metals seemed to have been used with very sparing frugality, since they were small, of course, have been very difficult to obtain and to transport in such a region. I, at once, the simplest of the common implements of carpentry were being scanned the room, or rather, about the floor, and the hands of the hostess and their creations had all been shaken in a log together—and there existed the room to roll together, in fall or sink, where and as they might. It was certainly a droll looking place, and those were my mysterious meeting with which was hung with skins, but which was, as it appeared to me, just about for a bed, and added no little to my curiosity.

The woman now came in.

"He is bruised, Wilson,—what shall we do?"

The man looked up, slightly.

"Did you bring in a deer, Molly?"

"Yes!"

"Is it cold?"

"All but the haste!"

"Then skin them, and wrap the warm pelts of the skin around the bruised limb!"

"Well!" thought I, "this is a case! Here I am about to be enveloped in a reeking deerskin, warm from the carcase, by this cold cannibals. I will certainly forsake had finished me. I have heard of such ranges, but they horrify me!"

I fell most like galling up to run away, but there interposed the ed difficulty that I was unable to rise. After several ineffectual efforts, which, however, attracted no sort of attention from the taci student at the desk, and many muttered maledictions against the limb, and fascination in general, I managed to subside, in a great degree, into a cooler mood, and became resigned, for the present, to trust in anything.

The woman came now with the warm skin—and after some remonstrance on my part, the old man roused from his absorbed labor to exercise his commanding influence in this matter. I afterwards found that it was extensively used among the Indians, North and South, and have since, learned that this hot step towards the "pack" of raw about and blanket, claimed to be invented by Prometheus, is one of the oldest uses of our race, and still practised with wonderful effect in China, Russia, Germany, &c., by the simple process of sometimes by the blanket, and sometimes by the raw skin—the latter, however, rushed with him towards the door of the house.

I reached it—and found it was closed for the moment. He still held on to his rifle, and as the door opened to admit us, he turned himself in my arms, and coolly presenting it, said in a low tone,

"Stop!"

The word was not fully spoken, when the ring of several rifles from the wood was replied to by that of his own. He dropped heavily from my arms on his own door-sill. The Indians were upon us! I had stuck my pistols into my belt, and now I wheeled a few paces, standing over the body. The clear ring of a rifle above my head, and the staggering fall of one of the foremost warriors, showed me that "Molly" was on hand. The Indians recoiled for a moment, but it was the chief of the party that fell forward the shot—and then seeing only myself astride of the body—they rushed on me with a yell as tragical as it was hideous!

I saw the fierce eyes of "Molly" blazing behind me as she reloaded.

"Give it to the Cherokee dogs, my boy!" while she plied her rammed desperately—reloaded, and fired another shot.

I stood at bay with that strange fushed feeling which always attends the consummation of despair. It was a wild and furious struggle for a moment. The firing of my pistols was almost instantly followed by the report of her rifle again—a shriek announced the Indians to hesitate slightly, which gave us time to drag in the body of the dead or wounded man—we did not yet know which. They saw us about to escape, and made a rush to prevent the closing of the door. Several of them were thrusting themselves against it together, and had nearly succeeded in the effort—but the frantic exertions of myself and Molly were equal to their natural strength, and with a single stroke, felled the foremost with the butt of her rifle—while I held the door with all my scattered strength. Though both of us were wounded, we succeeded in closing the bolt, which the Indians kept fixed at the door, in the vain hope of lifting us through it. Hickory is a very tough wood, and the closing bar was white or poles of which it was composed were bullet-proof.

It was not, however, proof against hatchets, and instantly we heard the blows by which they were cutting their way through. We reloaded our weapons in silence. The door was finally long, and could not stand such a general assault more than a few moments—but when we were ready, she hooked up with a smile that seemed very strange at such a time.

"Is he not worth them long ago?" she said, in a low, blasting voice—as she punched out a bit of sod from between two of the pickets of the house—and then thrust her rifle through what I now saw was a shrewdly disguised port-hole, and instantly fired through the door. She fired, and a yell of agony from the outside followed. As she withdrew her rifle, I also fired my pistol through the port-hole into the midst of the crowd, and retreated grown, which had gathered about the door. Their discomfiture was complete, and with gestures of furious menace, each one of them appeared to have had enough.

I was conscious of a retreat more than of seeing that the Indians had left the spot. I expected.

The woman, who now appeared to have grown wild with rage, quickly sent after their retreat another shot from the door-way, which she had reloaded with wonderful rapidity—and with a defiance, and shook her clenched hand at them (the same crazed "Madge Wildfire," as they disappeared in a promiscuous confusion from her shot, and turning towards me with lips blue and compressed, until their color with this is waters across her teeth—muttered faintly—

"They have slain my husband!" and sinking heavily down by the side of the body, her flushing eyes suddenly grew dim—her face deathly pale, and dropping her rifle to the floor, she fell upon the body, clutching it convulsively about the neck.

Now came the time for me to repay, to some measure at least, the kindness of this singular couple. They both lay stretched upon the floor one insensible, and the other fevered. He was in fact slight—for a moment I was stupefied as I gazed upon them—but the last few moments, in thoroughly rousing my whole life to new activity, had hearted me a store beaten in presence of mind. I threw the first few drops of water I dashed it into the faces of the motionless pair, and then kneeling beside them, rubbed their hands and feet with all my strength. It was but a little time before I convinced myself that neither of them was yet dead. This relieved me, and encouraged me greatly, so that I urged my efforts to resuscitate them, and, after a few minutes of exertion, succeeded in restoring the old man's body, to find and staunch the wound.

I had seen no blood as yet, and therefore supposed that it must, of course bleed internally, and cease gently be fatal. What was my hopeful surprise to find that it was apparently a grazing shot—as the ball had ploughed up the flesh along the bloody part of the neck near the base of the head, and had not, evidently, cut deep enough to probed it with my finger, I came to the conclusion that it was but a flesh wound—and hurried not shattered—and that the spinal chord had been more paralyzed by the shock than seriously injured. I proceeded to examine as well as my discovery, I rapidly staunched the blood, which had been running down beside the collar of his hunting-shirt, and was, therefore, not visible.

The wound of the woman was bleeding profusely, but I soon found that it consisted of an ugly flesh wound in the right arm, which passed through into the breast, but whether into the cavity of the chest or not, I could not determine—but hoped for the best, as I saw it, too, bled externally and profusely. I examined its wounds as well as my poor skill in surgery would admit. She gradually recovered from the swoon, and, had rising, seemed vaguely about me, therefore, not visible.

"It is he alive?" This was spoken in a suffocating voice, while her lips trembled.

"He still lives, and I hope is not mortally hurt!"

"God be thanked, and let humanity rejoice!" she said, solemnly, and, with a start, she sprang to her feet. "I've not hurt, young man—I see blood upon you!"

I had been too much excited to think of my own wounds, although I now felt that the pain had been considerable—however, it proved to upon examination, but slight, and gave no sort of itself, but little trouble afterwards. It was merely a flesh wound in the thigh of the calf of my leg, and had been injured in the storm, and, as is frequently the case, rather accustomed the cure than injury. The contusions were also ordinarily accused, is it well known, do often throw off the old as well as the new disease, by the sore great effort they occasion to restore the natural seat of the disturbance. So this as it may, I did not suffer from immediate much after that, although I had a great amount of exertion declared upon me by this sudden catastrophe.

"Two women, after assisting me in dressing my wound, said to me, gravely—

"Now, young man, much depends upon you! You are not a great deal hurt—so God would have it—while I am grievously—and my poor William must probably remain long in this stupor!"

She was carefully examining him without disturbing my dressings, further than to entreate them with water.

"I can hope!" she said, as she rose from the examination, and drew a long breath—"I can hope that your opinion of the wound may prove correct—for his pulse, though short, is strong enough yet—but it must be a long time before he recovers his faculties. His brain is so inflamed, and so disproportioned to his physical strength that his recovery must be very slow, if it come at all. Young man, I have dedicated my life, without stint or reservation, to him, and although it is impossible for me yet to tell the extent of the injuries I have received, yet I must not stop to regard them—I must win that glorious mind back to the world again, and what it will to me. I must regard no selfish feeling, and so is the souls with his manifestation. He must be saved, at my cost, to finish his great work! I saved your life—a bad wanderer, broken down by the tempest—helpless, bewildered, wounded and sore—and now all that I ask of you is, help to save him! Make no remonstrances!"—as I was proceeding to deprecate the disregard of self she spoke of—"make no remonstrances, my son!" she said, mournfully,—"I must require it of you as a inherent wife—but you are dying on my time. I cannot be moved—I will nurse him—you must provide us with food and water in the meanwhile. I wait no further assistance. I know him best—you can render no assistance to him just now. God only knows how far this ugly hurt of mine may prove injurious. I will be careful of it for his sake, at least!"

I promise to obey you," said I; "and I owe my life to you, and I will cheerfully resign it to serve you or your husband!"

"I know so much, my child!—I know so much —and it was selfish of me to remind you of obligation, when I had more than freely repaid it. As are told him down, his pulse seemed evidently quickened, but his eyes were still unopened, and his limbs remained palsied. I brought water from the spring, which I freely used under the direction of the woman, who by this time had become too faint for further exertion. The only remedy within our reach was a partial one, even with our slight experience. His breathed still more freely, and slightly moved his head. I used it to apply the same remedy to herself, and soon had the satisfaction, after using the cold water freely, and enveloping her in skins, of which there was a large quantity piled on a sort of garret scaffolding, near the roof, to see her fall into a deep but quiet sleep. I enveloped his body in much the same way, and then had leisure to look about me, and to see that more provisions was at hand.

I was greatly disappointed to find but little venison or meat of any kind stored in the house, and the idea that with my weakness, for I did not yet feel myself strong enough to hunt, and could not leave the dwelling with the sick, I should, or, in the event of my wound proving worse than I anticipated, I did what I could for it well and resolved to make the best use of my time in falling upon a pile of skins, I must into the deep but unimpressed upon extreme excitement and loss of blood.

I was waked by the shrill cries of the woman, and, starting to my feet, saw that the sun was low, and that the finished appearance of her face, which was suffering from a raging brain fever. She tossed her body violently to and fro, moaning as if in great pain, and occasionally shrieking at the top of her voice incoherently. It was a melancholy sight, indeed! I was sorry that I was nearly in reach; and if there had been a thousand dollars in gold there, I could not have made so the simple case to which I now resorted almost upon compulsion. I hobbled to the spring for a drinking horn of the kind I have mentioned, and, filling it with water, returned to the house, and, with equal difficulty, I found the fever even gaining violence. It was certainly an awful sight, this stern, heroic woman helplessly tossed in blinded struggles by the side of that calm and grey picture of death, which, although I felt, I breathed on like one in a sweet sleep. I could only reduce the fever gradually, for my strength was not sufficient to lift her, and for days I did beside her, soothing, as well as I was able, her convulsions, and administering applications of cold water. It was, or seemed, at least, a weary time before I gained any ground, and my wound broke out afresh from the excitement of my efforts. It was fainting with hunger and horror combined. At last I thought I might venture to leave her awhile, as she grew more composed, and I sought some food. I took a portion of our small supply of venison, and roasted the same in the embers of the fire. My appetite was yet faint, however, but the bleeding seemed to increase, and I was compelled to attend to my wounds before I could cook the flesh. I stopped the flow of blood, and was eating sparingly of the spare meal, when I heard a low moan more of the fact that I was the keeper of a maniac.

Hearing a sudden noise behind me, I looked around. The woman—with flushed cheek and glittering eyes, was rapidly endeavoring to disengage her bosom from the skins with which it hung on the belt of her bullet pouch, which I had taken off and suspended on its usual hook of buck's horn. She was insane—perfectly insane!—as I saw at once, by her soothing, as well as I was able, her wild and fearful struggles. I succeeded in getting her back to her bed, and she was darkly muttering to herself, as I was compelled to leave her, and she fell asleep.

"I will do it myself! Yes! yes! I will do it myself!" These words were repeated in my ears! They did not know how hard it was for a god to die! He is not dead—he suffers! It shall not be! They sent their bloodhounds to murder a true Christ! He who came to redeem them! They struck at him in wrath! They did not know their work—but I will do it, and go with him!"

The talk was in her hand, and she was darting across the room towards the unconscious man, when I, who had risen in the meantime, caught her upon the point of the knife, and, with good counsel at me, she struck desperately at my breast with the knife, but I caught the blow, and she dropped it! Then, with a still more harrowing cry, she fainted across the body.

Here was horror amplified to more intolerable extremes of fear and dread than now, in all my experience I had known. She was insane! we were nearly out of food of any kind!—and, could I dare, even if able, to go out and leave her alone? Was there any necessity for me to confine her with thongs as to leave her alone. What might not the furious strength of maniac accomplish?

Here was a climax! I acknowledge, I felt in my heart to rebuke God for this! What should I do? I bowed my head upon my hands, and wept,—completely overcome by this tragic combination of fearful extremities.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

LOVE OF CHILDREN.—It is a false and mistaken notion that those who love children the most and intense thought are rarely wearied or annoyed by the presence of children. The man who is pleased with children is pleased with himself in mind, but, also! not young to boast. He must be light, superficial, though perhaps intelligent and intelligent; but another puzzle is split nor fresh in feeling. Such men must always be seen become wearied with children; for every great similarity of thought and of mind—the paradox is but seeming—is naturally wearisome. Such men, in fact, are the country, similarity of feeling and of heart is that bond which binds our affections together. Where both similarities are combined, we may be the most happy in the society of our counterpart; but where the links between the hearts are wanting, there will always be great indicement in great similarity.

[☞ A corpse seems as if it suddenly knew everything, and was profoundly at peace in consequence.—*Leigh Hunt's Table-Talk.*

LECTURES ON INDIA,

BY

CALEB WRIGHT.

ILLUSTRATED BY ENGRAVINGS.

THE AUTHOR HAS TRAVELLED MORE THAN 40,000 MILES FOR THE EXPRESS PURPOSE OF COLLECTING INFORMATION RESPECTING THE VARIOUS RACES OF PEOPLE WHOSE PECULIAR MANNERS, HABITS, AND SUPERSTITIONS, HE DESCRIBES.

NUMBER I.

It is the opinion of some eminent geographers, that India, under the name of *Tarshish*, was known in the days of Solomon, and celebrated in the book of spices, gold, and precious stones, but, whether it be the Tarshish of the ancients or not, it has for a long time been justly regarded with great interest. Here, vast and powerful empires have successively sprung up and flourished, while Europe was in a state of barbarism—Long before Christianity shed its light upon the world, India was the land of science and the arts. All the ground-floor, however, in prominent characteristics are ignorance, poverty, and superstition.

It is not my purpose to direct your attention to the whole of India, but only to that portion of it usually denominated Hindostan, or India without the Ganges. This is a large peninsula, projecting into the Indian Ocean, South-West of the Chinese Empire, from which it is separated by the Himalaya Mountains. With a territory almost as large as Mexico, it is supposed to contain a population of one hundred and thirty millions, or more than three times New England, Texas, Ireland, Russia, and the continent of America.

The Hindoo are of various Caucasian races, differing materially in stature, complexion, manners, language, and general character. The Rajpoots and mountaineers of the North are large and of great muscular strength, while the inhabitants further South are generally of small stature and of slender form. In complexion, they vary from a dark olive approaching to black, to a light, transparent, brunette tint, resembling that of the natives of Northern Italy. They are very fond of ornaments, such as rings in the ears and nose, with bracelets on the arms and ankles; yet their dress is exceedingly simple.

The family in this engraving are in the usual dress of the country, and are in the occupation of two pieces of cotton cloth, each containing about two yards. The one, called the *dhoter*, is worn over the lower part of the person, as a skirt. The other, called the *chaddar*, is worn over the shoulders. The dress of the female is called a *sarree*, and consists of a single piece of cloth from four to seven yards. One end of this piece is wrapped around the loins, the other carried to the feet; the other is gracefully thrown around the shoulders. In some parts of the country, it is worn over the head, but the females of the cities they may be found from two to four stories high. These have flat roofs, and are built around a court or open space in the centre. In some houses, the court is very large, and is decorated with fountains, trees, and flowering shrubs. Most of the windows open into the court. As Hindoo dwellings have few or no windows towards the street, they appear very much like prisons; and, in some respects, they are prisons: for within their walls the females are incarcerated for life. Such is the jealousy of their husbands, that they are never to be seen in the streets or in any public assembly. It is only the higher class of females, however, who are kept thus secluded; among the common people, women are to be seen at work in the fields, or going to market with large bundles of wood, or other heavy burdens, borne upon the head.

In the above engraving, you have a representation of the usual method of travelling. With bullock's horn. Here are two men heavily laden, while carriages are seldom used. This vehicle is called a *palankeen*. On the sides are sliding doors or casements. In construction it is one of the oldest contrivances for conveying the human person. Four of these are usually borne by the palankeen thirty or forty rods; then the others take it upon their shoulders; then, alternately, they relieve one another in this way. In meander him. His imagination was so wrought upon, that he supplicated them, on bended knee, to carry him not; and offered them his money and his gold watch, if they would spare his life and conduct him safely to his journey's end. They granted a cessation of his entreaties, by comprehending either his fears or his promises; and his carriage continued until the next day, when he met with a European friend, who relieved him from his unnecessary apprehensions, and released the bearers to be more comfortable towards each other.—*Hamlet's Travels in India.*

Here is a Brahmin engaged in reading odd extracts, containing some hundreds of lines—and stanzas written on palm-leaf. It is one of many others equally voluminous, and has been handed down by generations of ancestors. It contains more than three thousand years: it is written in Sanscrit, a dead language of a "wonderful construction—more perfect than the Greek, more copious than the Latin, and more exquisitely refined than either." It is a portion of the Holy Vedas. In a peculiar tone of voice, he chants the sacred text, stopping at the end of each stanza to translate and explain. His hearers listen attentively to the exciting narrative, now convulsed with laughter at some facetious exploit, and then thrilled with horror at some dreadful catastrophe. All the religious books of the Hindoo, including the four Vedas, are called *Shasters*.—They are so numerous that an entire human life would not be sufficient for an attentive perusal of them.

[☞ See "Specimens of the Shasters or Sacred Books of the Hindoos, consisting of Hymns, Legendary Tales, &c.," published by Caleb Wright.

[☞ Why are the forests of Maine like the hills of Switzerland? Because they are *all pine*, (Alpine.)

Original Poetry.

LITTLE HENRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. H. M. SMITH.

In lily low grave, beneath the green sward sleeping,
We left them now, our darling little boy;
The mother's heart was faint and sore with weeping,
Then were our sorrow, and our lowland cool:
There, the blue heaven-bells and the violet blossom,
Opened their meek eyes to the dawn of day,
And the green myrtle clustered o'er thy bosom,
Then wast so lovely and so pure as they.

Where the pale primrose blossomed by the brooklet,
Thy little feet hath pressed its dewy sod—
While the soft sunlight lingered o'er the mountain,
Ere it had kissed the valley's flowers to rest!
Thy tiny hand hath plucked the budding flowers,
And fastened with delight my steps to greet.

Like a young angel was thy spirit, darling,
Yet enraptured by lovely scenes and works of love.
A gentle child of love short Summers, wearing
The light of heaven upon its angel brow—
Thou wast so lovely and so pure a child,
That Death could not resist the sacrifice!
Thou hast gone before us to the spirit land,
Where childhood's spotless glances intermingled
With starry gleams from worlds beyond the sight.

Around about us comes with power, holy dreaming!
As if some cloud from the spectacles
Inlaid into their ear words of deep meaning—
And words of love, that they forget never—
In dreams I see thee with thy white wings shining,
Soft, like the plumage of Gabriel's wings,
I feel the invisible halo around me twining,
Drawing my spirit hence to thee above.

The unearthly voice of thy heavenly melody
Shed their soft luster o'er thy forehead fair;
By seraph hands the fadeless wreath was woven,
And wound amid thy sunny locks of hair.
Clasped in their snowy arms the angels bore thee,
From our rude arms to their bosoms of light;
Their tender care is shed forever o'er thee,
Transcending ours, frail dwellers of the clod.

But pale and cold, my little one, thou liest
Cheeks the vein tears that oft in secret flow;
Never upon the beaming smile of gladness
Our lips pour back with kind and warm glow:
Time may cause the impress of thy beauty
From frequent beauty, but our eyes never,
While struggling onward, and life's toilsome duties,
Our life's pathway shall be, where light lies not.

Rockville, Madison County, N. Y.

Selected Tales.

THE JEWELLED WATCH:
OR,
THE DANGER OF RASH JUDGMENTS

[We recently published a tale by Dr. W. L. Elder, of which this (from Chambers's Edinburgh Journal) will remind the reader—a watch being the principal feature in both. This is, we think, the only resemblance, however, between the two tales, both of which are very good.—*Sat. Eve. Post.*]

Among the many officers who, at the close of the Peninsular war, retired on half pay, was Captain Dutton, of the —th regiment. He had early married the pretty, portionless daughter of a deceased brother officer; and filled with romantic notions of love in a cottage, and "living on a tea-tax," the pair, who were equally unskilled in the practical details of housekeeping, fancied they could live in affluence, and enjoy all the luxuries of life, on the half pay which formed their sole income.

They took up their abode near a pleasant town in the South of England, and for a time got on pretty well; but at the end of the first year, when a sweet little boy made his appearance, and at the end of the second an equally sweet little girl, they found their expenditure had far exceeded their income, and all the obnoxious appertaining to the introduction and support of these baby-visitors, among which the doctor's bill was a principal feature.

For a while they struggled on without falling into debt; but at length their giddy feet slipped into that vortex which has engulfed so many, and that dark dungeon has received a very goodly number. About this time an adventurer named Smith, with whom Captain Dutton had formerly associated, and whose plausible manners and appearance completely imposed on the frank, unsuspecting Englishman, came to live in the same kind of split-lamps, which Smith secured the capital with cash from Captain Dutton, and the use of candles and oil-lamps throughout the kingdom.

To him him descant on the marvellous virtues and money-making qualities of his lamp, and he became at length so fascinated with the commercial advantages of Aladdin, and looked on his accomplish individual's precious heirlooms. Our simple-minded captain, however, candidly confessed that he still wanted the "shares of the lamp," or, in other words, money, to set the lamp in motion with effect; and he at once proposed surrendering the unlucky captain to sell out of the army, and invest the proceeds in the concern. In this luminous venture. If Captain Dutton had refused to pay the money until he should be able to see specimens of the wonders of the invention, he would have saved his cash, at the expense of his friendship; but, unfortunately for his purse, for the long imprisoned in an eight-syllabled title, of which each vocable belonged to a different language, and he is pronounced, in fourth Syriac, and the last taken from the aboriginal language of the Hottentots. The intervening sounds believed to be respectively akin to Latin, Gaelic, Teutonic, and Sclavonic. Notwithstanding, however, this array of names, it was a very decided failure: its light was brilliant enough; but the smoke and the burning was so overpowering, so suggestive of a fire, that not everyone admissible, that those streetscrapers gentlemen who had formerly contented themselves with their olfactory nerves to a second ordeal. The sale and manufacture of the lamp and its accompanying patent oil were stopped by the Police, alone in one of the chief commercial cities of England, by the latter having refused to take out the trouble of his partner's hands, and only requiring him to furnish the necessary funds. For some time the accounts of the firm kept by Smith united to Captain Dutton were most flourishing, and he and his guests only thought they were about to realize a splendid fortune for their little ones; but at length they began to feel anxious for the arrival of the new partnership, and the bleeding seemed to increase, and I was conscious that Smith's visits were less and less frequent, stopping at the end of each stanza and profuse which he could not help observing, and at length he ceased altogether. Dutton's anxiety now became painful, and he wrote to Smith, requesting an explanation of his conduct, and a statement of the affairs of the concern. Smith replied in a letter of the most friendly character, stating that he had been unwell, but that he would call on Dutton in a few days, and explain everything to his satisfaction. "This man, at all events," he thought, "is honest, whatever his partner has proved." Will the General receive him? Yes; he is ushered into his drawing-room. Dutton looks at his watch, and finds it is past one o'clock—he has a low hurried voice.

"General Vernon, you must excuse my cordial manner, and slight air of painful and humiliating as its explanation will be, I feel it due to you and myself to declare it—"

His auditor tried to speak, but Dutton went on without heeding the interruption. "My misery is this: I am a ruined man! but it is my misfortune. My wife and our four little ones are actually starving!"

"My friend!" cried the General, with emotion. But Dutton proceeded.

"I cannot describe the feelings yesterday while seated at your luxurious table. I thought of my poor Jane, depriving herself of a bonnet, at least to give it to her baby! of my little pale Ida Annie, whose delicate appetite I grieved to see refused the food which is all we can give her; and in an evil hour I transferred two pairs from my plate to my pocket, thinking they would be a delicious treat for my little ones. I should have died of shame, had those things been produced were my pockets, and my self-respect would have been annihilated."

"A fit of exhilarated hunger," replied his friend, "has placed you above the reach of suspicion; besides, look here!" And he showed the watch and chain. "It is I, I am ashamed to say, who must ask pardon of you all. In a fit of absence I had dropped it into my waistcoat-pocket, when, in Captain Dutton's presence, I pulled it while endeavoring."

"If I had only known!" murmured poor Dutton.

"Don't regret your hot watch, my dear!" said General Vernon, taking his hand kindly, "it has been the means of acquainting me with your circumstances, and I am sure you will find some means to serve you."

In a few days Captain Dutton received another invitation to dine with the General. All the former guests were assembled, and their host, with only Mrs. Vernon and her daughter, sat down to his strange forgetfulness about the watch. Captain Dutton looked around him with a little of impatience: it was his consolation to be honorable and incentive post, which insured competence and comfort to himself and his family.

Selected Articles.

PURITAN COURTSHIP.

The following pleasant anecdote, indicative of the habits of our Puritan forefathers, is from a work now in press, entitled "Plymouth and the Pilgrims," by Mrs. Ellet, of Sheffield, Sheffield, having lost his wife, is desirous of obtaining another.

A short time after the death of Mrs. Standish, the bereaved Captain found his heart filled with tender interest for Priscilla Mullins, daughter of Mr. William Mullins. He cherished the impression that if she could be persuaded to take her fortune with him, the lot of the lonely and experienced would be repaired. He, therefore, made known his wishes to Mr. Alden, with whom known to the father, through Mr. John Alden, as his messenger. Mr. Mullins made no objection, although he might have preferred a better match for the daughter of Mr. Standish having been as recent. He gave his consent, but the matter could not be decided, until they adjourned in the drawing-room to take coffee.

After sitting there a while, the General suddenly recollected his watch, and ringing for his valet, desired him to take it from the dining-room for Standish. The valet, and restore it to its proper place. In a few moments the servant returned, with each hand frightened—he could not find the watch. General Vernon, surprised, went himself to search, but was not more successful.

"Perhaps, sir, you or one of the company may have carried it!" John's face expressed more terror than ever.

"I think not; but we will try."

Another search, in which all the guests joined, but without avail.

"What I fear," said the General, "is that some one by chance may tread upon and break it."

General Vernon was a widower, and this costly trinket was intended as a present to his only child, a daughter, who had lately married a gentleman of rank.

"We will none of us leave this room until it is found," said one of the gentlemen with emphatic emphasis.

"That decision," said a young man, who was engaged to Priscilla Mullins, "might operate not on one host for an indefinite time. I propose a much more speedy and satisfactory expedient than that suggested."

This suggestion was received with laughter and incredulity, and the young man, presuming had himself as the best author, was searched by the valet, who for the moment, resisted the part of the watch. Priscilla, who had hitherto sat quiet, opposed this piece of practical phraseology, ended by laughing at it; and each new inspection of the apartment was made by the guests. Captain Dutton alone took no share in what was going on, but sat with his head resting on his hand, as he stood as much apart as possible. At length his turn came; the other guests had all displayed the pockets of their garments with one accord, and amid renewed laughter, they surrendered their examination to the host, who, not by guilty conscience, but by his guests' wish, submitted to be rigidly searched, muttered some sarcasm, unheard amid the laughter.

"Now for it, Johnson!" cried one to the valet.

"Johnson, you're watching you!" and another; "I pronounce the culprit."

The servant advanced; but Dutton crossing his arms on his breast, declared in an agitated voice, that, except by violence, no one should lay a hand on him. A very awkward silence ensued, which the General hastened to break.

"Captain Dutton is right; this child's play has lasted long enough. I claim exemption for him and for myself."

Dutton, trembling and unable to speak, thanked his kind host by a grateful look, and then took an early opportunity of withdrawing. General Vernon did not make the slightest remark on his departure, and the remaining guests, though politeness, imitated his reserve; but the next day the evening was gone, every face looked anxious, and the host himself seemed grave and thoughtful.

Captain Dutton spent some few in wandering restlessly on the roads before he returned home. It was late when he entered the cottage—and his wife could not repress an exclamation of surprise when she saw his pale and troubled countenance.

"What has happened?" cried she.

"Nothing," replied her husband, throwing himself on a chair, and laying a hand pushed on his forehead. "I am ill, Jane, very ill, and sad, too," he said, addressing Ida. In vain did his wife try to soothe him, and obtain an explanation. "I feel ever, Jane," he said; "I am ill, very ill, and sad. Wherever, I will tell you all."

The next morning Dutton went to General Vernon's house. Although he walked resolutely, his mind was undecided as to the course he should pursue. "I shall say nothing," he said, "which would be inconsistent." His mind was made up when he entered the General's study.

"My friend!" cried the General, rushing to meet him, and instantly grave him attention. "This man, at all events," he thought, "deserves, the poor man has passed." Will the General receive him? Yes; he is ushered into his drawing-room. Dutton looks at his watch, and finds it is past one o'clock—he has a low hurried voice.

"General Vernon, you must excuse my cordial manner, and slight air of painful and humiliating as its explanation will be, I feel it due to you and myself to declare it—"

His auditor tried to speak, but Dutton went on without heeding the interruption. "My misery is this: I am a ruined man! but it is my misfortune. My wife and our four little ones are actually starving!"

"My friend!" cried the General, with emotion. But Dutton proceeded.

"I cannot describe the feelings yesterday while seated at your luxurious table. I thought of my poor Jane, depriving herself of a bonnet, at least to give it to her baby! of my little pale Ida Annie, whose delicate appetite I grieved to see refused the food which is all we can give her; and in an evil hour I transferred two pairs from my plate to my pocket, thinking they would be a delicious treat for my little ones. I should have died of shame, had those things been produced were my pockets, and my self-respect would have been annihilated."

"A fit of exhilarated hunger," replied his friend, "has placed you above the reach of suspicion; besides, look here!" And he showed the watch and chain. "It is I, I am ashamed to say, who must ask pardon of you all. In a fit of absence I had dropped it into my waistcoat-pocket, when, in Captain Dutton's presence, I pulled it while endeavoring."

"If I had only known!" murmured poor Dutton.

"Don't regret your hot watch, my dear!" said General Vernon, taking his hand kindly, "it has been the means of acquainting me with your circumstances, and I am sure you will find some means to serve you."

In a few days Captain Dutton received another invitation to dine with the General. All the former guests were assembled, and their host, with only Mrs. and her daughter, sat down to his strange forgetfulness about the watch. Captain Dutton looked around him with a little of impatience: it was his consolation to be honorable and incentive post, which insured competence and comfort to himself and his family.

Selected Articles.

PURITAN COURTSHIP.

The following pleasant anecdote, indicative of the habits of our Puritan forefathers, is from a work now in press, entitled "Plymouth and the Pilgrims," by Mrs. Ellet, of Sheffield, Sheffield, having lost his wife, is desirous of obtaining another.

A short time after the death of Mrs. Standish, the bereaved Captain found his heart filled with tender interest for Priscilla Mullins, daughter of Mr. William Mullins. He cherished the impression that if she could be persuaded to take her fortune with him, the lot of the lonely and experienced would be repaired. He, therefore, made known his wishes to Mr. Alden, with whom known to the father, through Mr. John Alden, as his messenger. Mr. Mullins made no objection, although he might have preferred a better match for the daughter of Mr. Standish having been as recent. He gave his consent, but the matter could not be decided, until they adjourned in the drawing-room to take coffee.

After sitting there a while, the General suddenly recollected his watch, and ringing for his valet, desired him to take it from the dining-room for Standish. The valet, and restore it to its proper place. In a few moments the servant returned, with each hand frightened—he could not find the watch. General Vernon, surprised, went himself to search, but was not more successful.

"Perhaps, sir, you or one of the company may have carried it!" John's face expressed more terror than ever.

"I think not; but we will try."

Another search, in which all the guests joined, but without avail.

"What I fear," said the General, "is that some one by chance may tread upon and break it."

General Vernon was a widower, and this costly trinket was intended as a present to his only child, a daughter, who had lately married a gentleman of rank.

"We will none of us leave this room until it is found," said one of the gentlemen with emphatic emphasis.

"That decision," said a young man, who was engaged to Priscilla Mullins, "might operate not on one host for an indefinite time. I propose a much more speedy and satisfactory expedient than that suggested."

This suggestion was received with laughter and incredulity, and the young man, presuming had himself as the best author, was searched by the valet, who for the moment, resisted the part of the watch. Priscilla, who had hitherto sat quiet, opposed this piece of practical phraseology, ended by laughing at

Miscellaneous.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The Crystal Palace, with its iron / st ucture and its 19,000 panes of glass, is now complete. Just now, we should judge, at about 12,000 panes, the last one of which was put in place on Saturday, nearly 18,000 per day are required at the time now, the price of admission being $1.50. After the 1st of next month the price will be reduced to 50 cents, and then we may expect to see the building filled to its utmost capacity. It is estimated that over one and half the visitors present on the first day will be present on the last day, and that over 5 per cent. to that most attractive. The first day's receipts, we understand, but the chairman are only about one-quarter of that amount, or over 5 per cent. to that most attractive. The first day's receipts, we understand, but the chairman are only about one-quarter of that amount, or over 5 per cent. to that most attractive. The first day's receipts, we understand, but the chairman are only about one-quarter of that amount, or over 5 per cent. to that most attractive.

The effect of this exhibition on business generally, less and here, we suppose, what was on London in 1851. Many people who visited the Exhibition of the great many with business and the Association, who are probably John Bull. Such in their exhibition was his first trip by sea. Such in their exhibition was his first trip by sea. The next day his attention to drawn towards the Exhibition, and he was astonished to see how many other of their business manufactures of the place, and then the greatest of all, the greatest matter, was the greatest of all, the greatest matter, was the greatest of all, the greatest matter, was the greatest of all, the greatest matter, was the greatest of all, the greatest matter, was to them.

As for the Crystal Palace itself, many figures have been given as to the cost of it. Even in the British part, where it is abundantly supplied with masses of brewery, water and bricks, the entire cost will be about half what it has been spent. Imagine, then, how it must look about the United States! Why, the cost of the roof over the centre of the building, and which was, so many as possible, has been simply $100. Each roof has 16 rooms, in which letters upon a common ground, extended over the head of the several directions. The United States has erected of three of these edifices, "New York," "Pennsylvania," &c., one for the guards, one for the officers of the ports, and then the general exhibition of goods, in addition to the State designated above. Possibly, they reasoned, at first, upon erecting so much room for the goods, but it is difficult to say which State is a particular limit. Heaven knows! no one are unconcerned on this account.

Almost the first thing that strikes your eye, as you enter the American department, is a contraption of some kind or other. What is it? Why, a mowing machine. It has nothing but its instantaneous to recommend it, and it looks as if, in some spirit, it had been. Next to the mowing machine, the chamberwork, costly and inhabited. The chamberwork, which it is a curious article to that stood in an auction store in your city, for sale, but feeling no preference, was cast here, because it would be considered bright here, and might catch some silly one's fancy. It is a great piece of work, and the Exhibition. Of the Great Britain, and the Wounded Indian, we have already spoken.

Both exceed the homage of all visitors, and the Bronze, we think, may possibly be considered the best piece of sculpture in the whole Exhibition. This, however, not the other made pieces, have already crushed the ire of certain religionists, and the Rev. George Rockhot Clarke has made himself notorious in his published and violent hostility to these "indecent, immoral, and blasphemous representations," to be safe them.—*Cincinnati Commercial Evening Bulletin.*

HOMŒOPATHY.—Homœopathy is one of the great facts of this age. It is no longer laughed at, but has reached that condition which enables it to challenge the most searching investigation. Its old world not themselves be subjects of ridicule. Of educated and thoughtful men, in our large cities, it is estimated that more than one half are of its supporters. In Great Britain we have the Queen's family, the Chamberlains, Lords, and Dr. Scott, of Owen's College, constitute a trio of its literary advocates. On the Lords, and of Wines, are examples of its professional supporters. Sedgwick, Pilnsky, and General Fawcett, have given it their support. Continental Europe has Lord, Saglioni, and Forbes, are three of its great London associates. The Duke of Richmond, Lord Ashley, Lord Ebrington, Lord Dunlaigh, and Lords Lovat Grosvenor, Newport, and Ebrington, may serve to be guest of honor. Queen Adelaide was one of its numerous royal and noble patrons, and the Duchess of Kent is the patroness of a great fair to be held for the benefit of some of its institutions in London during the present month of June—in the very heyday of the exhibition season. "Sir Edward Grisley, Gloucester, Comte. Lascelles, and some forty members of the Academy, are among its advocates. Here in New York, it is sufficient to say of the character of the society to which it is related to say, that Horace Greeley has been among the most active of its lay members.

It is clear that homœopathy not only spreads upon, but that it also spreads in all sorts of good directions, and in spite of the ridicule of society. And this fact certainly conveys the idea that there must be some sort of truth in homœopathy; there must be some germ of truth in homœopathy, otherwise it could not stand, whether negative or affirmative, whether critical of something old, or the development of something new.—*International Magazine.*

VACCINATION.—Dr. Gregory, one of the highest authorities on the subject, publishes in the May number of the London Lancet, a Report containing the following views:

1st. That vaccination, performed under the proper of age, gives an complete protection against small-pox in practice.

2nd. After 15 years another law comes into operation. The accessory acquires a susceptibility to a first attack of small-pox, and is liable to a second attack at 30 or 35 years.

3rd. That revaccination after 15 years is unnecessary. In most affected persons, except as a attack of small-pox. It may be resorted to to satisfy the public mind, but is of no necessity.

4th. That M. Consemus, the celebrated demonstrator of Paris, and others, had ascertained, by experiments, that inoculation is preferable to Silliam years, who had been previously vaccinated, produced a new form of disease, characterized by pustules of a dark color, accompanied by vesicles or pustules.

5th. That this new papular disease is not contagious, is communicated with danger, and gives protection against small-pox for life.

These statements Dr. Gregory adopts, endorses, there, and asserts that he knows them to be true. Professor Simpson, Dr. Cherry Tweedie, and Dr. Ware concur, it is clear that inoculation, after fifteen years of age, must be submitted for vaccination, and revaccination, if the State or the County Societies insist in investigations to test the truth of the new revelations.

THE END OF A RUNAWAY MATCH.—Kimberly continues to be actually produce those happy consequences the parties generally expect. The very opposite is almost always the case, notwithstanding the many examples that are daily set by many editors. Every parent wishes to see his daughter properly married, and when a person of wealth, it is natural for him to consult his friends in the matter, in the conduct, hasty or principles of the person who is to be the husband of her child, which we take from a Cincinnati paper, is full of warning:—

Some time a year ago, a young lady, whose name we need not mention, married a young man of the name of Harding, named Hiram Harding, and she did so decidedly against the will of her parents, who refused to let the wedding have a proper place in their house. The happy pair left immediately for the West, and have been living there for a while very agreeably. The lady having all confidence in her friend, never troubled herself at all about his business; she knew that he provided well and that was enough for her to know. About four months after they arrived, their house was visited with one morning by two police officers, for the purpose of arresting Mr. H——— for forgery. A Court was issued for his arrest against him—and he was sent to the Penitentiary.

The misfortune had such an effect upon the young wife that she was for some time quite ill, but died of grief in two months after. Yesterday our sad morning according to a notice, accompanying a coffin, and a carriage following it to the grave was a lady and gentleman, the father and mother.

THE MORMONS.

A letter from Paris, published in a late number of the Presbyterian, discusses the Mormons, that there is nothing in the French Revolution, or in the Socialism which is a Germany, and in France, who is going to the Salt Lake City. Says the writer:

"The Mormons are not Socialists. They have no community of goods. They have no community of wives. They have no community of property. They have no community of anything. They have no community of nothing. They have no community of nothing. They have no community of nothing

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1862.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

No. 66 Dock Street, Between Second, Third, Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Checks, Bill Heads, Cards, Circulars, &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON S. PETERSON, Proprietor.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

In the interview of Mr. Southworth's Novelists, we shall publish shorter novelettes and stories from the pens of other well-known writers. We have them now on hand, which shall be published as early as possible, viz.:

The Bonnet and the Plume; or, Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "The Rich Cup," &c.

The Silver Hammer, by C. W. Webber, author of "The Rifle in the Ryn," &c.

Reports of Lectures, the Glories of the Foreign Periodicals, Engravings, Congressional Reports, General News, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., shall be given as of old.

Terms as heretofore. All expenses of publication now on hand, which shall be published as early as possible, viz.:

METHODIST CHURCH CASE.

The argument in this case is concluded. Messrs. Cadwalader and Wood for the appellants opposed the claims of the Church South with considerable ability. Mr. Chocate contended that there was no right of property involved in the Church authorizing secession. The Southern Church by seceding from their Northern brethren forfeited their claims to the Church Property, &c., &c.

The Court said that it hoped the parties would come to an amicable settlement, and declared its object was simply to "preserve the property of the "Pomeyroisten" of this city, says:

Judge Nelson, it is said, is holding back his decision, in the hope that it may be unanimous, and some compromise. Hon. George Wood, one of the members of the Union, it will be remembered, is Chairman of the Union Safety Committee. All the members of the latter, and Judge Nelson, it is also said, are compromise men; and as far as their influence extends, they will, it is hoped, prevail. It would have the Northern Church yield the principle for which it contends.

CHLOROFORM.

Some time ago we published a statement that no one had ever succeeded in using chloroform as an effectual aid in robbery, or other villainy. This statement was denied, and it was said that for a rogue to New York, recently entered the cabin of a schooner lying at the wharf of the North River, and applied chloroform to the nostrils of the mate, Mr. W. Quinn, who was asleep. After Mr. Quinn was in a state of stupefaction, the rogue leisurely broke open his chest, and took therefrom twenty dollars in cash, and all other easy valuables he could find, worth in all the aggregate one hundred and seventy-five dollars.

DESPERATE RUFF AT HOBOKEN.—In a portion

of last week's edition, we gave an account of a bloodful duel at Hoboken, on Saturday of last. It was the May Festival of the Germans, who crossed over in large numbers, with their wives and children. After a quarrel arose between some of the Germans and a party of New York rowdies, called "Short Boys," which probably had come for a row, and either overturned a table, or committed some other disorderly action to begin it. The fighting soon became general, and a bloody affray ensued. Several persons were killed, and a large number wounded. Forty-five of the Germans were arrested, but the greater portion released upon a legal examination. None of the "Short Boys" appear to have been arrested. A strong body of police should always be on hand at such celebrations, to arrest those guilty of rowdyism, and not allow a party to begin to riot such innocent festivities.

The Coroner's Jury, after a full investigation, attribute the riot to the "Short Boys," though they do not exonerate the Germans from blame. They say that all were to blame for such a riot, impolitency and inebriety.

Foreign Items.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Lacy's bill, providing that all Dissenters, except Roman Catholics, associations of females, bound together by moral, religious or benevolent objects, and all magistrates should be appointed at quarter sessions, empowered to visit them without notice, and to liberate females, if any, who may be detained against their will, was defeated on the 14th ult., by 31 majority.

The Great Exhibition is more popular than ever. On the 15th, the receipts from visitors rose higher than ever. The total receipts are estimated to £2,450, and the sale of season tickets which still goes on prosperously, swelled the total over £30,000. Even the Executive Committee are astonished at their own success —it now seems difficulty to say at what point their financial fortunes may stop.

It is said that the order of knighthood is to be conferred on Mr. Fergusson, the general of the commissioners of the Great Exhibition.

A vessel, arrived at London from Bombay, has brought the unwelcome news of the loss of 4,500 bales and 100 half bales of cotton, of East India production, on board the ship Indus.

A new museum of practical geology was opened on Wednesday, by Prince Albert, who presided on the occasion. It is the result of the labors of science.

Victor Emie, a cotton importer in London, has failed. His liabilities are set down at £200,000. Another cotton house in Liverpool has temporarily stopped.

The Parisian journals have published Mr. Fillmore's Cuban proclamation, and commend it as "an energetic and reasonable protest against the unreasoning designs of the patriots."

A conspiracy of the Socialists has been discovered at Bordeaux, in the Department of Jura, had risen and marched in procession through the town, and that no bloodshed or other disturbance was yet done and strict inquiry is being ordered by Government.

The Government has just published a long manifesto purporting to be addressed by Russia to the Revolutionary Committee in London. It has been published in the Times and other leading journals. Mazzini has written to the Times denying the document.

The directors of a swindling California company, in Florida, have been sent from Madrid to the Tribunal of Correctional Police. The company was founded at the time when the gold fever was at its height, and has cost the dupes $2,800,000. All the money received for shares was embezzled, and the affairs conducted that then no commission were sold for anything they would bring. The rogues were condemned to different periods of imprisonment.

The report of the death of the King of Naples has not been confirmed.

The correspondent of the Daily News says that Kossuth, Austria and Prussia will act in unison at the Conference of Paris, and that the fate of the three great Northern Powers, headed by Russia, will deliberate really on one subject, only, viz.: the abolition of Polish nationality.

On the 10th ultimo, General Saldanha was appointed to succeed Count de Lisbon, with 5,000 troops. Although he leaves at the request of the Queen, yet it is believed that the Queen will be compelled to abdicate, and that a Republic will be proclaimed.

Count Thomar, who only a few days ago was at the head of the Portuguese Government, and wielded great political power, has arrived in London. He arrived, almost penniless, by the *Hecla*, as a second-class passenger, and when he landed at Southampton he was dressed in a very coarse suit, and had only a small carpet-bag.

The state of Austrian finances is most deplorable. Little bits of paper, value two-pence, and when torn asunder, value one penny, are the obligatory circulating medium.

Our accounts from Spain are to the 4th ult. The interesting position of Queen Isabella was no longer doubtful. It is said that her Majesty formally declared to her three physicians, Drs. Gutierrez, Seoane and Drumond, that she finally intended to confirm to all their wishes, and directed them to prescribe for her a regimen, from which she should not depart in any manner," added the Queen, "all the merit, as well as the responsibility shall belong to you." The situation of Queen Maria Isabella becomes most satisfactory.

An American officer in Italy recently had a bet of 12 beefsteaked to death, for throwing a stone at and killing the officer's dog. The boy's father, a widower with his only child, became nearly distracted at the intelligence of his death, and the next morning rushed frantic into the coffee-house where the Austrian officer was breakfasting, plunged a stiletto into his breast and despatched him with unexpected wonder, escaping from the presence of the horrified spectators without any one making an effort to stop him.

General News.

COLONIZATION.

Rev. J. Morris Foose, in a letter to Governor Pinney, Secretary of the New York State Colonization Society, under date of New Orleans May 24, communicates many interesting facts relative to the progress of the colonization cause in the South West—among others, the following:

At Fort Gibson, Miss., I preached three times, called on all the *professionals*, and found a Mr. C., just out of town, who said to me he intended to call his people to a meeting, and will appropriate a part of his estate to their effect—and then departed. He is now negotiating for the land. A school teacher, to prepare them for emancipation and emigration. He is an old bachelor, rich and generous.

"From thence I went to Jackson, the capital of the State. Called on the officials, and found two sermons. Full congregations. Good times Both citizens present, Governor, *pro tem.*, Secretary of State, &c., &c. All expressed a wish to be called approval of my course, and of the cause in general. A Mr. C. S. Morris died near Jackson, Miss., a few days previous to his visit. He was emancipated and sent to Liberia over one hundred years ago, and has been a leading man in that country. The administrator called to inform me—They are to go in five years from this season. I was not able to see the will, though it has been probated. Jackson is a poor, but most important place, the residence of Southern Statesmen. Eighteen. Even that party took me warmly by the hand, and members of members of the State Legislature urged me to give them a call, and I am obliging as appropriation from that State, to aid in the emigration of those persons of color to Liberia. Something will be done at the next State Legislature.

"At Vicksburg I found an interesting case, unknown to any of us before. A Mr. Hartwell Davis, died in 1861, and emancipated his entire servants free when they should have netted $11,000—$10,000 to the widow, and $1,000 to the Society for aiding them to Liberia. I waited on the executor and other friends, and got a copy of the will. I will go down to-day. The $11,000 are not yet quite realized. The widow and her two daughters heard me last June at Vicksburg, and informed me by a note that what I was too ill to attend to it then. All matters are now adjusted.

"On the 14th of Natchez last February I passed a night with James Bailey. Sent my card and requested an interview. He came to the door, looked haggard, and a relative of his family. Last week or week before she died, leaving me $1,000 to be divided by me in this matter, to send all his people, sixty and over, to Liberia; one-half this year, and the other next—perhaps as I did. They give $12,000 to send them and give them an outfit there. The servants are valued at $40,000 more. Mr. Bailey's estate is worth $100,000. Mr. Bailey's estate is worth $100,000. Mr. Bailey's estate is worth $100,000

Selected Poetry.

GERALDINE.

[illegible]

Selected Sketch.

ANECDOTES OF PAGANINI.

FROM THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

[illegible]

THE QUEEN'S PARASOL.

[illegible]

Wit and Humor.

WHAT CAN BE THE MATTER?

I'LL CALL UPON THE DOCTOR.

[illegible]

THE CARDINAL'S CURSE.

FROM THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

[illegible]

[illegible] —*Ex. Literary Gazette.*

[illegible]

Selected Articles.

A SMUGGLING TRICK.

There is, perhaps, no more singular anomaly in the history of the human mind than the very different light in which a fraud is viewed according to the circumstances in which it is practised. [illegible]

THE SINGER'S SONG.

BY THE HONORABLE MRS. NORTON.

[illegible]

MY LITTLE BOY.

[illegible]

EXTRAVAGANT CHURCHES.

[illegible]

THE KAFFIRS

AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

[illegible]

A PAPER OF TOBACCO.

[illegible]

ANECDOTE OF JEROME BONAPARTE.

[illegible]

THE BOY ON THE GATE.

BY JOHN J. ORTON.

[illegible]

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

[illegible]

PROBLEM.

[illegible]

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

[illegible]

CHARADE.

[illegible]

CONUNDRUMS.

[illegible]

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

[illegible]

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

[illegible]

Agricultural.

MEASUREMENT OF WOOL.

[illegible]

FLAXSEED—HOW MUCH SHALL WE SOW?

[illegible]

The Olio.

THE FLOWERS HAVE GONE TO HEAVEN.

[illegible]

For Housekeepers.

[illegible]